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BREEZES

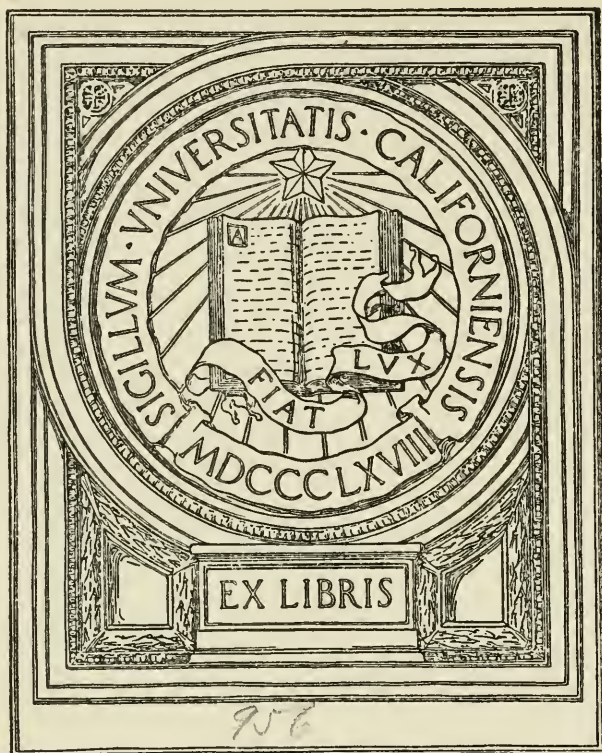
BY

LUCY GIBBONS MORSE



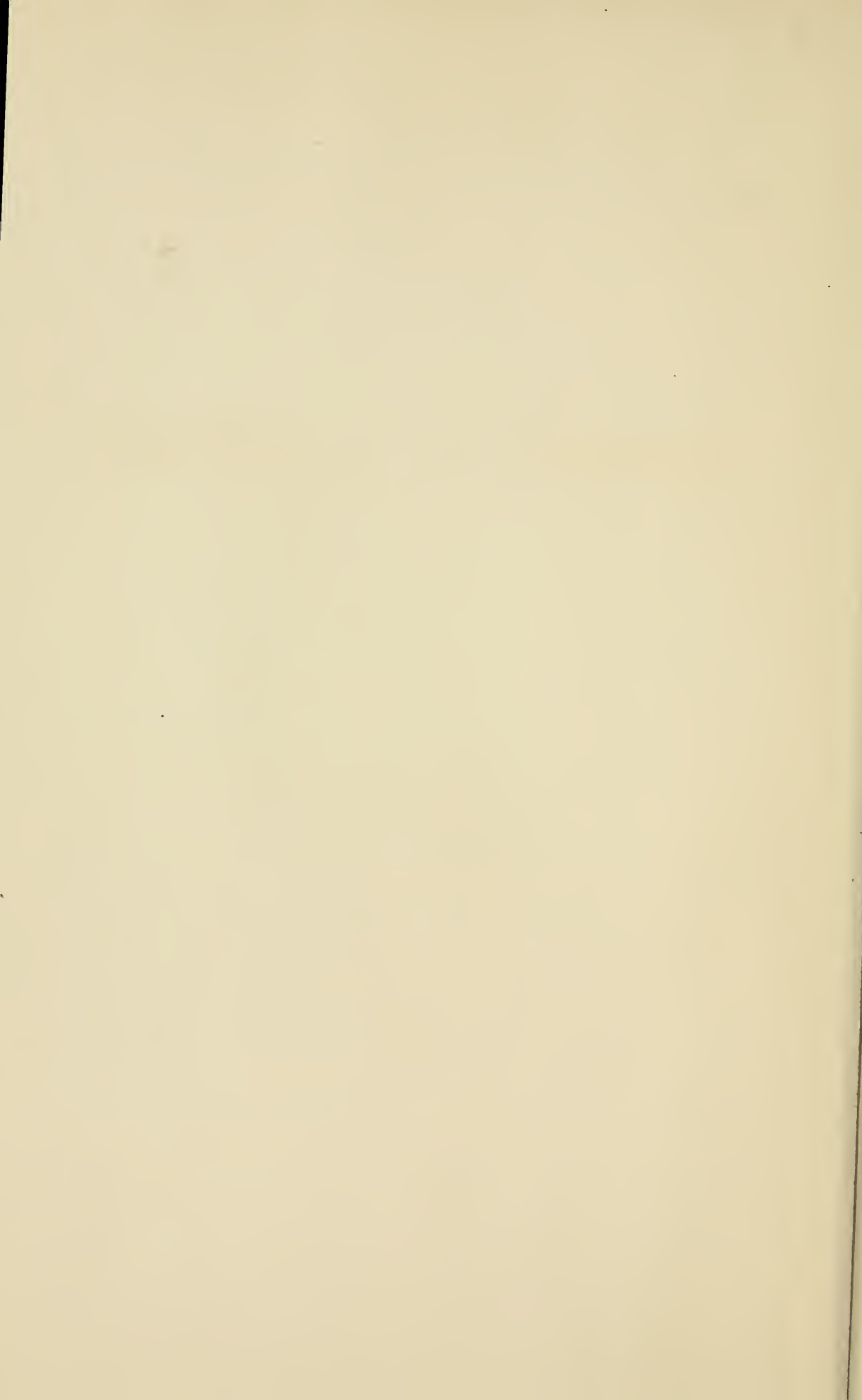
CHAUNCEY WETMORE WELLS

1872-1933



This book belonged to Chauncey Wetmore Wells. He taught in Yale College, of which he was a graduate, from 1897 to 1901, and from 1901 to 1933 at this University.

Chauncey Wells was, essentially, a scholar. The range of his reading was wide, the breadth of his literary sympathy as uncommon as the breadth of his human sympathy. He was less concerned with the collection of facts than with meditation upon their significance. His distinctive power lay in his ability to give to his students a subtle perception of the inner implications of form, of manners, of taste, of the really disciplined and discriminating mind. And this perception appeared not only in his thinking and teaching but also in all his relations with books and with men.





BREEZES



BREEZES

By LUCY
GIBBONS
MORSE



HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
COMPANY

1921



THE BIRKENHEAD

THE BIRKENHEAD

IN MEMORIAM

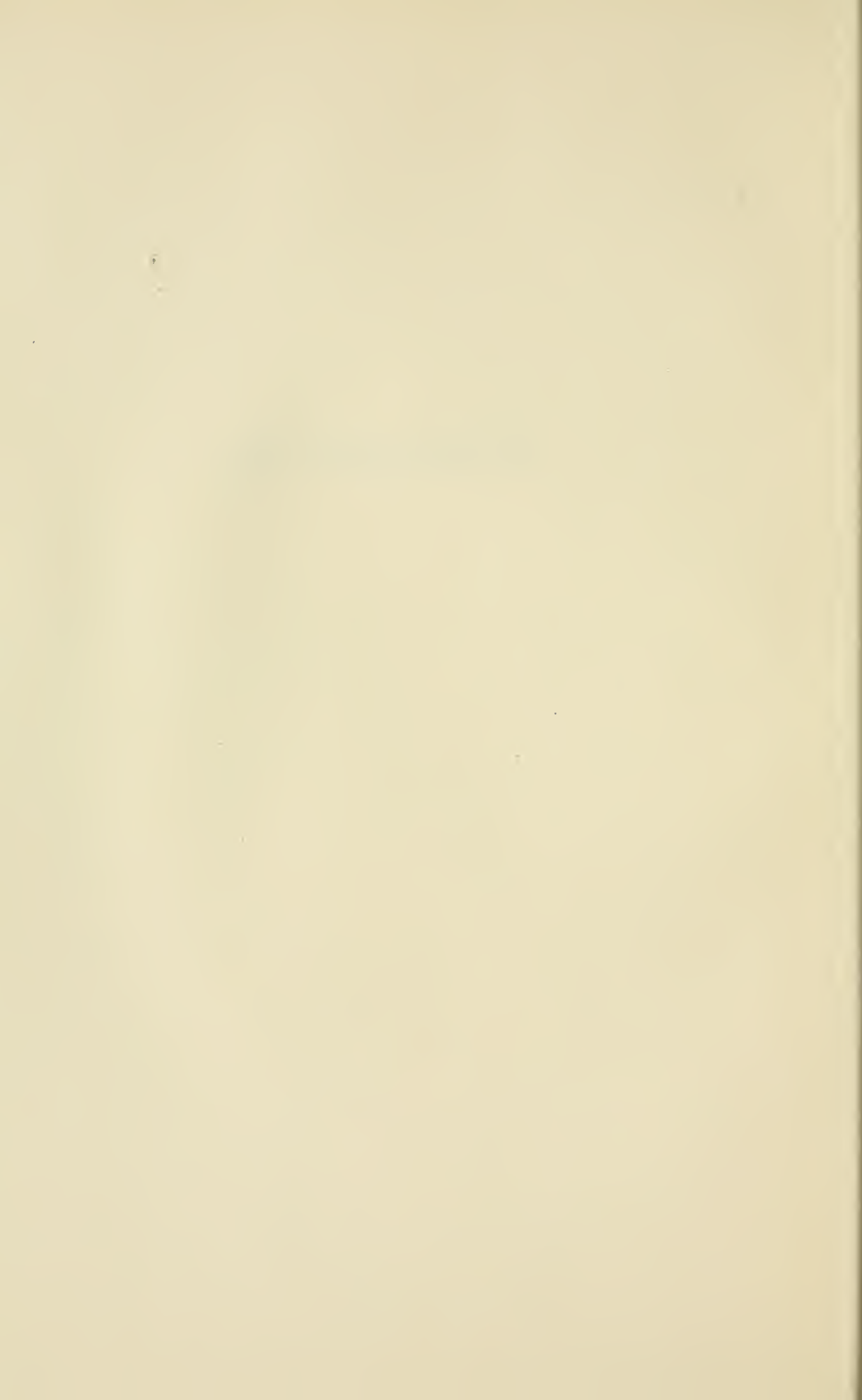
C. W. Wells

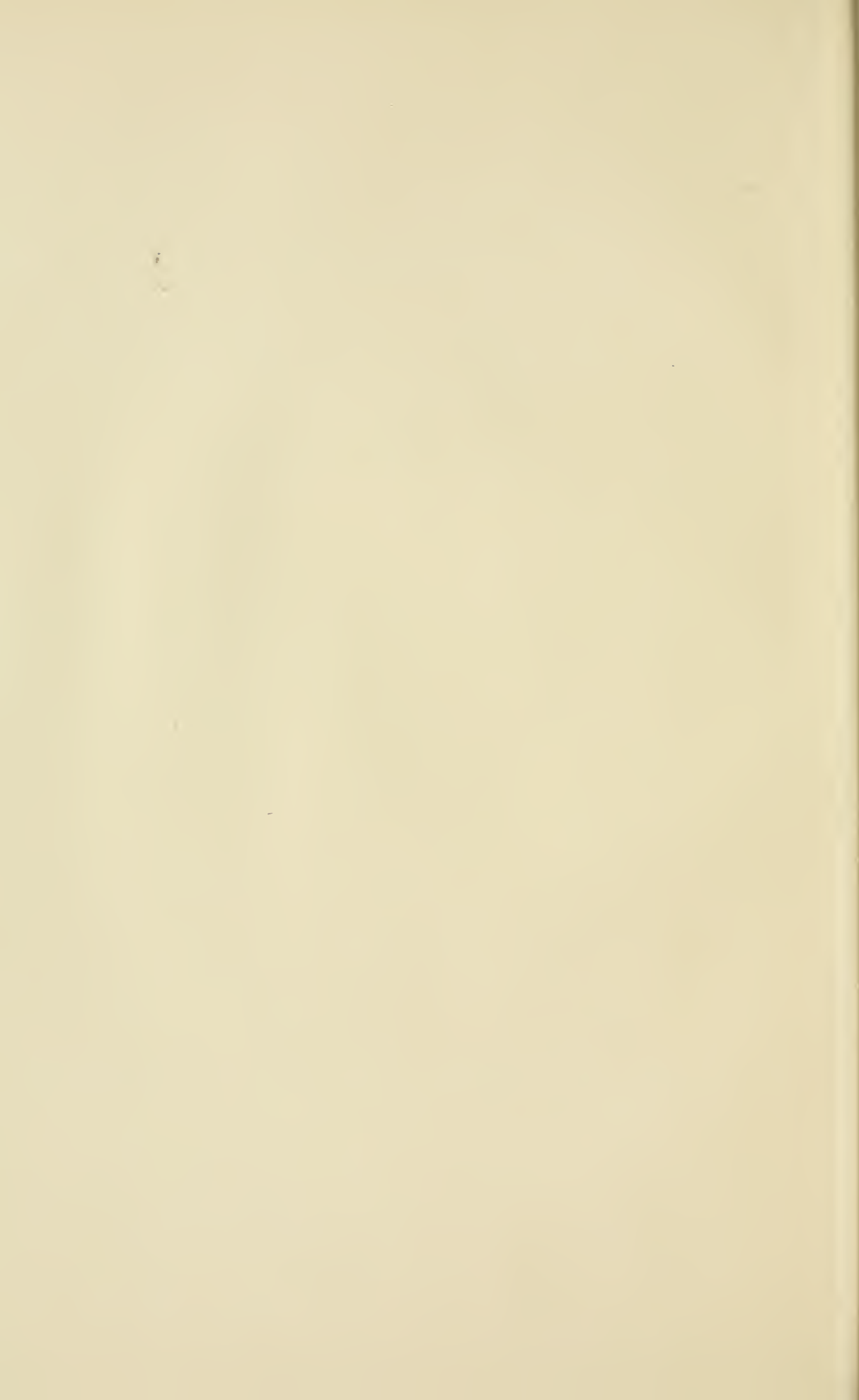
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TO MY GRANDCHILDREN





FOREWORD

BY AMY LOWELL

THIS is a book of wind and leaves — wind and leaves and a most charming imagination. The pictures are done in black and white, but all the fresh, bright colour of a Summer's day seems to flash from the pages. Here are the pine-trees which crowd along the sandy shores of Cape Cod, the woodbine which twines over the porches and round the windows of the white houses, the thistles, and clover, and sorrels of the open pastures above the low bluffs; and here are the winds which play through them, from the slow, almost imperceptible lift of air which seems scarcely to move the pine-needles, to the swift, hurrying gusts which set all the branches sweeping and swaying. Mrs. Morse must have watched trees for hours to capture these moods of wind among them as she has done, and to embody them in the little people of her fancy.

For, if we look closely, we shall see that it is just the little figures which give the calm or windy feeling to the picture. What produces the hushed atmosphere of the "Evening Hymn" picture but the attitudes of the two little girls? Why is the "Hide-and-Seek in the Clover" so hot and still?

FOREWORD

I think it is the little boy scratching his head under that very quiet clover-top which is so obviously heavy with heat. Take the suspense when the breezes hear the call in the pine-tree ; it is all in the little girl's outstretched hands and lifted, expectant head. The wind begins to rise as the breezes follow the piper — why ? Because of the eager, running legs. Watch the gale come up through the “ grand play ” series : In what a gust do the breezes scurry down the woodbine ; what a tremendous slant and rush of wind is there in the dive of the “ bold draught ” (and what a splendid, hobbledehoy name for him, to be sure!) ; what a blowing every which way in the running, swinging figures of the “ Wild Frolic,” one can positively feel the wind against one's face ! Then the sleepy breezes as the wind dies down, followed by the complete stillness of the final picture, typified by the utterly relaxed and motionless little person huddled against the twig stem.

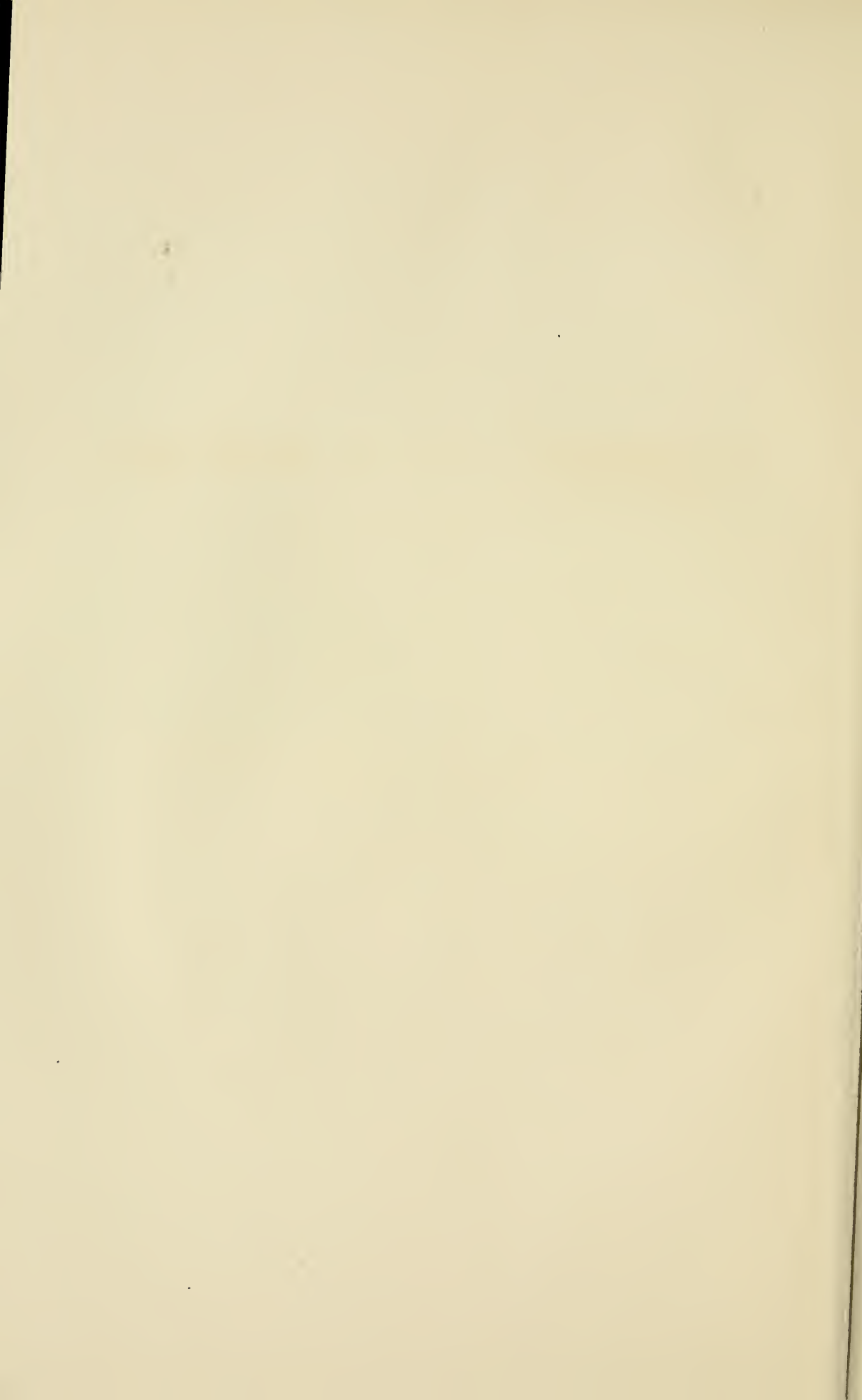
Outdoors set to a wonderful fairy tune indeed ! And these designs are extraordinary in their sheer originality ; they are as new as they are beautiful, as enchanting as they are (now that we have seen them) inevitable. I can think of no illustrations for children, done in America, half so delightful as these ; but perhaps the best tribute is the unconscious one of a little boy of five who, as they lay on my writing-table, begged to be shown them again and again, and never tired

FOREWORD

of listening to the captivating, inconsequent little stories in which Mrs. Morse tells about them.

For years now, the author has been making these pictures into lampshades ; but to the many people who knew and admired them in that form it seemed a hazardous thing that such beautiful work should find its only expression in so perishable a medium. These friends finally persuaded Mrs. Morse to let them be published in a book, and this rare and wholly bewitching little volume is the result. I should wish that I were looking at these silhouettes for the first time, were I not so glad to be doing so for at least the thousand and first. Every evening, when the lamps are lit, these little figures come back to me anew, and I never weary of them ; on the contrary, the more I look, the more I want to look. They will now find the larger public that they deserve, and also, I believe, the great public of the future, which they also deserve.





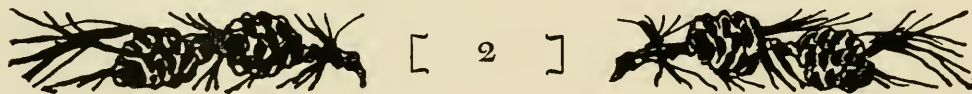


THE
COLLEGE



Hush! A breeze stirs the pine-needles and whispers to the twigs. A tiny boy breeze nestles against his brother and they are listening. The pine-tree sings.

Other breezes gather and rock the branches. "Gently!" says the pine-tree. "This is the children's sleepy hour and you breezes must sing in harmony, keeping time and tune. The cries of the gulls and crows have ceased, the young birds are asleep in their nests,

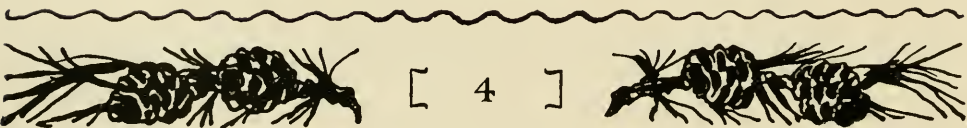






BREEZES

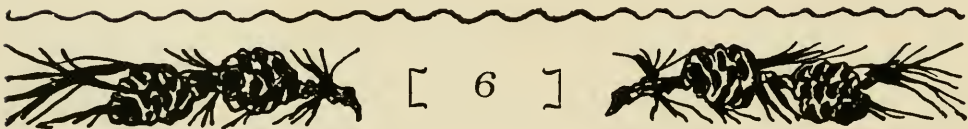
and there is sweet music somewhere, like a cradle song."



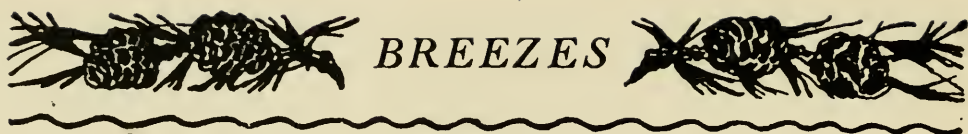




A little breeze was so happy one day that, wherever she went, she ran with all her might. She ran till her legs ached. "Never mind," said the pine-tree; "sit on one of my branches and rock while I tell you a story." But she was too tired to listen and was fast asleep before she had rocked a minute.

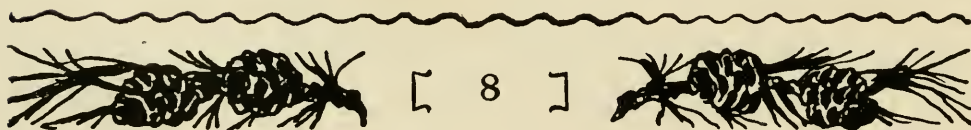






One evening Tommy was restless after going to bed and lay awake a long time listening to the wind in the pine-tree outside. Presently the sound seemed to change to soft voices singing. He grew drowsy, and in a little while he went fast asleep.

It was Lull and Whisper singing their evening hymn.







BREEZES

A WAKING THISTLE

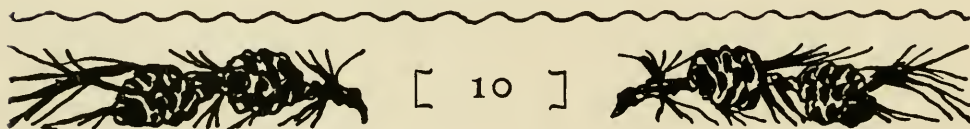
“I am sure it is too early to get up. It is too dark for me to see, and I am so sleepy!” says Rustle.

“Go to sleep again,” says Velvet, “and I’ll call you at sunrise.”

Rustle is sound asleep again in a minute.

“She’s lazy,” says Brisk. “There’s light over there,” he adds, pointing to the eastern sky, “and I’m going to wake the daisies.”

“Oh, dear!” sighs Velvet. “I wish I had n’t promised to call Rustle.”



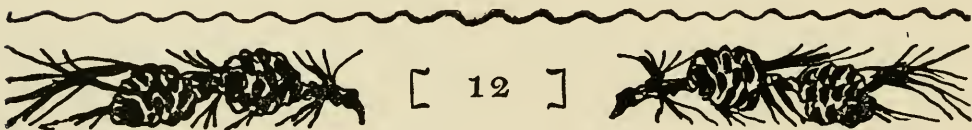




“I tell you, Prickle,” Sough is saying, “I heard a mermaid sing. I heard her down on the beach, with my own ears, and I saw her with my own eyes, rolling among the little breakers while the tide was rising.”

“Stuff!” says Prickle. “It was Barbie singing, ‘The Sun Shines Now.’ She was splashing about between the verses and having a grand time.”

Prickle is very determined, so Sough is silent, but she will always believe it was a mermaid.







“Oh, Feather!” cried Tussle. “Where have you been? I’ve hunted everywhere for you.”

Feather heaved a big sigh and said pitifully: “I got lost in this woodbine and the tendrils caught me and would not let me go, and, oh, Tussle!” she moaned, “I am so tired — so very, very tired!”

“Well, never mind — don’t cry,” said Tussle, rocking half an instant, and then, catching Feather’s hand, he sprang up beside her, saying comfortingly: “Now you are safe and I’ll take you to a pine-tree where you shall rest.”







Waft was sitting on the soft petals of a thistle-flower playing a merry dance on his flute.

“Oh, Waft!” cried Flutter, hurrying to the spot. “Let me dance to that tune. My feet won’t keep still while you play it.”

“You’ll get into the pricks,” said Waft, as she sprang up and lighted on a bare stem.

Waft was full of mischief and played a dozen tunes, changing suddenly from fast to slow, two-step and waltz-time, gay and solemn tunes. But Flutter changed her motions with the first note of each and did not once get into the pricks.

“How did you learn it?” asked Waft.

“I looked through the window on Sally’s piazza and saw her do it,” said Flutter. Then she ran away, laughing.



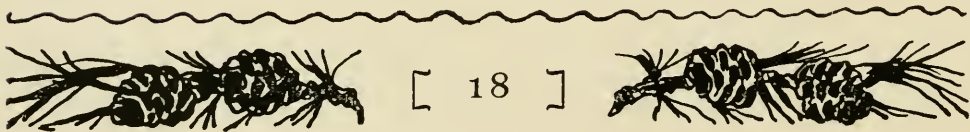




BREEZES

Nobody knows all the things the breezes do. They are never idle. Early and late they are always busy. They go softly in at open windows and squeeze through every chink and crack. They find sick children in their beds and cool their little hot cheeks.

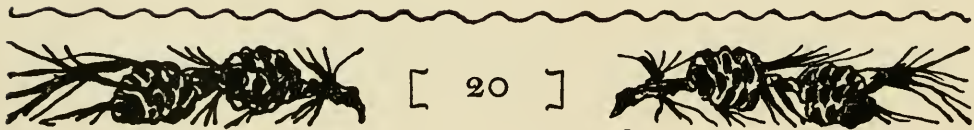
And sometimes they blow away little hot tempers.







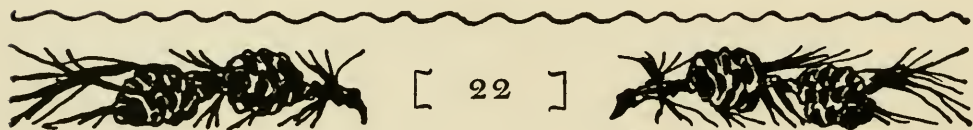
A little breeze hid in the clover, but another one found him in no time.







Ruffle is telling Flurry how Tommy and his little sister were playing in a rowboat on the beach when a sudden squall and the tide sent the boat adrift. "It was going right out to sea," said Ruffle, "but the contrary winds blew it back upon the beach, blew the children out, rolling on the sand, and blew their legs every which way while they blew 'em home."

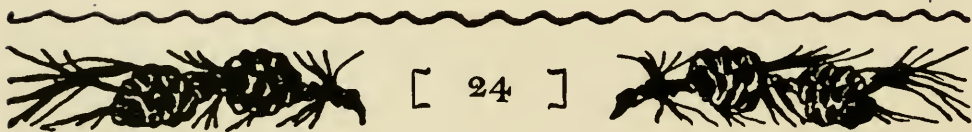






Hark! Was that a call?

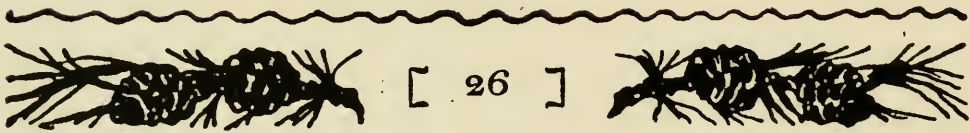
There was a rustle in the tree, and it seemed as if a voice cried: "See who comes!"







Some breezes in the next tree stood quite still, wondering who it could be.

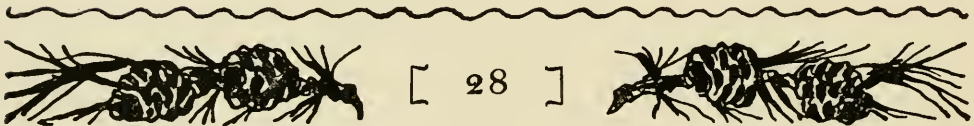






BREEZES

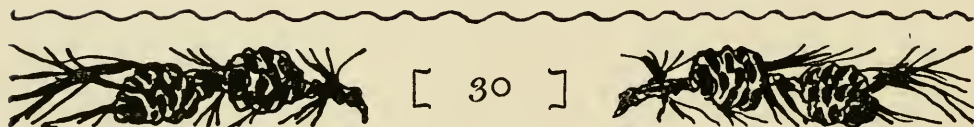
In a minute there was a leap and a swing, and a strange young breeze sprang from one tree into another, skipping and dancing along branches and through the air with wonderful grace. Without stopping he took from his pocket a silver pipe and began to play magic music.







All the little breezes who heard the music cried to one another, "Come!" and they had to follow the piper.







BREEZES



It is Halloween and witches are out. These are Eeery, Airy, Gallop, and Flight, practicing tricks and telling one another of their doings.

Eeery, laughing, says: "Oh, the fun I had! I was outside Tommy's house just as he was going off with his Jack-o'-lantern, and Betty was running out of the door after him. Their scarey grandmother tried to stop her, but I blew her cap over her spectacles and squealed through the crack of the door in time to let the child get out of her reach. What have you been doing, Sister Gallop?"

"Racing round and round Farmer Crosstick and blowing away his breath so he could n't stop the boys' fun," says Gallop.

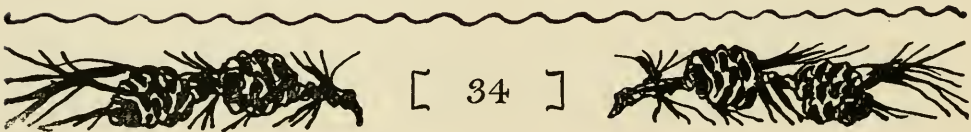
Flight says: "Airy and I had a grand time.







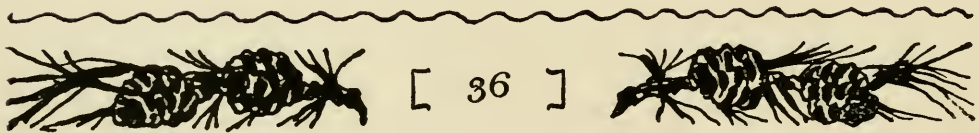
We got the pipers to play their liveliest tunes,







and set children to dancing all along the road."



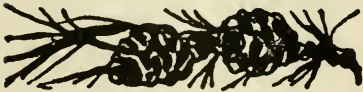




BREEZES



These breezes are having a grand play. The one climbing up calls to them: "Only wait until I get there and we'll have a regular rumpus!"

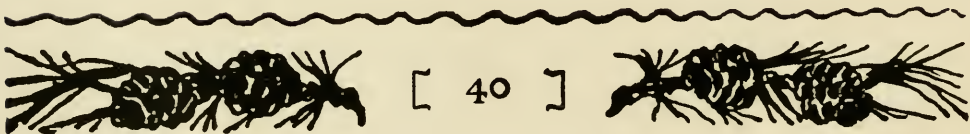






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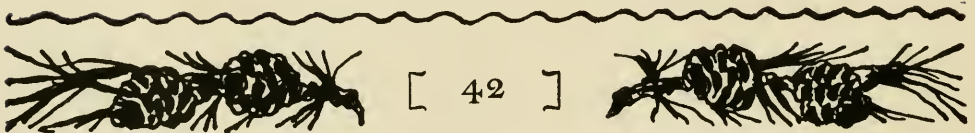
A westerly breeze cried : “ There ’s a hurry-skurry on the cliff ! Quick, if you don’t want to miss it ! ”







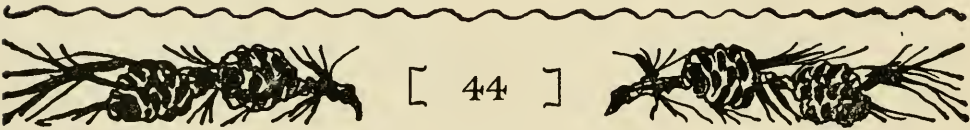
*A bold draught rushed through the top of a pine-tree
and dived into the midst of the rumpus.*







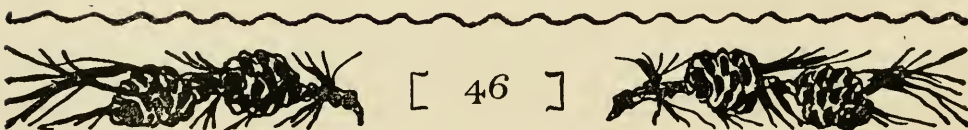
*There the breezes gathered in a wild frolic, making
such a rushing and roaring and hubbub*







that soon they were all tired out.







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